

Revenge!

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Family

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-10-08 02:51:54

Updated: 2013-05-15 02:27:15

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:57:53

Rating: K+

Chapters: 4

Words: 7,843

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Mildew is up to his old tricks again and this time, it looks like he's not working alone. Who is this familiar enemy, and what have they planned for Hiccup and Stoick. Well, what are ya waiting for? read and find out! (The story is much better than the summary.)

1. Chapter 1

****This is just something random that popped into my head. Please read and leave reviews because I'd really like to know if this story is worth continuing. ****

Gobber and Hiccup tried to sneak through the darkened forest, the moonlight filtering through the leaves of the trees. Tried being the operative word, as both of them were each missing a foot and though Hiccups lighter and smaller frame made it easier to be quiet, Gobbers large bulk and mass was making it hard to conceal their current position.

"Are ye sure he went this way?" The blonde moustached blacksmith slash dragon dentist whispered to his best friends son.

"I think soâ€¦" he whispered back, eyes scanning his surroundings for the figure they had followed. Spotting the faint glow of a torch some distance through the trees his eyes narrowed in suspicion, "There!" he pointed towards the light. "The village is way back behind us and Mildews hut isn't anywhere in this direction." The auburn haired dragon trainer whispered, "So why would he be going this way so late at night?" He turned to look at Gobber in the darkness.

Gobber stared suspiciously at the glow, his thick, bushy eyebrows furrowed in thought. "I dunno, but I believe ya were right about him now, Hiccup." He glanced apologetically at Hiccup fidgeting with his prosthetic hook for a hand.

"I mean, I knew he's a bit of a weird fellow, but everyone just put it down to him being unsociable. Ya know, not liking other people around an' all." He explained.

Hiccup smiled reassuringly at his oldest friend, "Don't forget dragons. He ESPECIALLY doesn't like the dragons around." Hiccup frowned again, "But we need some kind of proof", Hiccup said irritated. Mildew's suspicious and strange behaviour of late, well _more_ _suspicious and strange than usual, over the past few days had had him on edge.

It was painfully obvious that Mildew was up to one of his tricks. He was forever trying and failing to get rid of the dragons on Berk and Stoick was no longer ever considering getting rid of the dragons as last time Mildew succeeded, the village had been left completely vulnerable and defenceless against one of its worst rivals: Alvin the Treacherous.

It had only been thanks to Hiccup's rash thinking, along with Toothless and the other dragons that they had managed to defeat Alvin and leave him and his men stranded on the very same island that the dragons had been left on.

Because of this fact, Hiccup feared that Mildew would try to rid of the dragons any other way now that the Chief was not willing to give up his own dragon 'Thunder'.

And now, despite that even Stoick himself now suspected Mildew of framing the dragons, he still insisted to Hiccup that he couldn't do anything without any proof.

This is why Hiccup and Gobber found themselves trailing the older Viking so late at night. They had been closing up the forge for the night, discussing the matter when they had spotted him sneaking through the village and into the forest.

"Well then." Gobber gestured with his hook. "Let's get that proof."

With that they both continued on through the foliage, towards what they hoped were proof of Mildew's betrayal. Coming upon a small clearing where the glow was coming from they heard talking and there was definitely more than one voice. In fact, there were a lot of voices, they realised. Hiccup quickly ducked behind a bush as Gobber hid behind a large tree. They glanced at each other before trying to focus on what the strangers were saying.

"This plan better work." One rough voice hissed. It sounded oddly familiar but Hiccup couldn't be sure over the other voices almost drowning it out.

"Trust me, it'll work." Drawled another smug voice loudly, they instantly recognised it as Mildew. The other voices in the clearing immediately hushed.

Both eavesdroppers listened intently. Mildew continued, "You'll get what you want, which is the dragons, and _I'll_ _get_ what _I_ _want, which is those blasted dragons gone!" The Viking chuckled darkly; Hiccup and Gobber looked at each other in slight alarm. 'Finally!' Hiccup thought, 'There's the evidence and with Gobber here to back it

up, it should be enough.' He thought excitedly.

"Hehe, yes. The dragons..." the first voice trailed and now that the others had quieted down Hiccup recognised it! His eyes wide he looked away from Gobber and moved some leaves away just enough to see into the clearing.

He immediately felt his blood run cold.

Hiccup quickly turned back to Gobber, eyes impossibly wide and panic-stricken.

"**Alvin!" **He mouthed desperately.

Gobber started slightly as he realised who Hiccup had seen and quickly gestured with his hook away from the clearing, where the outcasts were still chattering, and towards the direction of the village.

Both blacksmith and apprentice slowly and as quietly as possible snuck away from their hiding places and back down the path they had come from.

Once Hiccup felt they were a safe enough distance, he released the breath he hadn't realised he'd been holding and heard Gobber do the same. The scrawny Viking boy turned quickly to the older Viking. "Think _that's _enough proof?" he asked breathlessly.

Gobber, kept walking and nodded. "Aye. Come on! We've got to get back before and tell your father and the rest of the village before Mildew gets back or before they decide to set their plan into action!"

Hiccup nodded mutely and moved to follow Gobber when suddenly a large meaty hand from behind him clamped tightly over his mouth as another arm circled around and pinned his arms to his sides. Before he could comprehend what was happening, he was lifted off his feet and his captor quickly moved through the trees.

Gobber, completely oblivious to what had just happened continued his thought. "Somethin' seems off with their plan though. I mean, how did they plan to get the dragons? I's not like the dragons would co-operate, eh Hiccup?"

Silence.

"Hiccup?" Gobber stopped walking and turned around to face Hiccup, only to freeze.

Hiccup wasn't there!

A knot of fear began to form in his chest as he walked back a few steps. "Hiccup! Laddie, where are ya?!" he called, hoping that Alvin and the Outcasts couldn't hear him calling. He ran/limped as he felt panic start to creep up on him.

He turned through the trees looking for the boy that was like a nephew to him. He stopped as he heard a rustling. "Hiccup?" he whispered and slowly moved to the tree and peered around it.

There, on the other side was one of the Outcasts, a desperately struggling and kicking Hiccup in his grasp, his cries for help muffled by the oafs' meaty hand. Evidently becoming frustrated by the boys useless struggling, the kidnapper gave Hiccup a rough jerk and leaned down to whisper threateningly in his ear, "you'll stop with the damn struggling if ye know what's good fer ya, _Boy!" _he emphasised with another jerk, Hiccups cry of pain muffled.

Gobber stepped out from behind the tree, glaring hatefully at the man before him, "and if _you_ know what's good for _you,_ you'll let 'im go, right now!" he spat angrily, pulling his hammer from his belt.

Quick as a flash, the hand was removed from Hiccups mouth as the outcast pulled a dagger from his own belt and held it to the boys' throat. Hiccups struggling ceased instantly and he stared at Gobber, his green eyes fearful.

"Put down that hammer."

Gobber stared, at him, his eyes hard but didn't move.

"Now!" He commanded pressing the edge of the dagger to Hiccups throat hard enough that small beads of blood began to form. Hiccup winced. Gobber let the hammer slip from his fingers and it hit the ground with a thud.

The Kidnapper grinned and Gobber growled. "Just you wait 'til I get me hand on ye! You'll wish ye'd never been born! I'll turn yer insides inte yer outsides!"

He chuckled. "Don't think so." Hiccups fear filled gaze shifted and he gasped. "Gobberâ€|!" he cried in warning a little too late.

SMACK!

Gobber sunk to the ground with a groan, dazed. He looked up to find that the rest of the Outcasts had arrived, the one that had hit him over the head stood smirking and he moved out of the way to let Alvin into his line of sight, Mildew stood beside him looking nervous.

"He weren't supposed te be with the kid." he gestured to Gobber. The Smithy made a move to stand back up when he suddenly found himself looking at the pointy end of a sword. He glared at the tall outcasts stopping him from getting up.

"What?" Hiccup gasped still in the first ones grip. "This was all a trap?". "Of course it was." Alvin exclaimed, moving away from Gobber and towards the captive Viking boy. He smirked evilly, "and it worked perfectly!"

Mildews attention snapped from Gobber to Alvin. "What! No it didn't!" He pointed at Gobber. "_He_ wasn't supposed to go with him into the forest. It ruins the plan"

"Not fer me, it doesn't." Alvin said from beside Hiccup. He looked back to Gobber. "You can give a message to Stoick from me." He grinned. Mildews face contorted in anger. "No he can't! Nobody is supposed to know I was involved! This is not a part of our

agreement!" He spat angrily. "I got you the boy! I lead him into the forest!"

"Yes." Alvin smirked maliciously. "And now I have no more use for you! Now leave!"

"But, b-butâ€¦!" Mildew sputtered indignantly. "If you let him go back to the village everyone will know I was in on this. We had a deal!" Alvin pulled his sword and pointed it towards the flustered Viking. "That's not my problem. Leave with your life before I change my mind."

Mildew stared at the traitor for a few moments in shock and anger before slowly and reluctantly backing away. He then turned and ran, disappearing through the trees.

"Now," Alvin chuckled. "Back to the matter at hand." He turned back to face Hiccup and nodded to the brute still holding him.

Hiccup suddenly found himself thrown bodily to the ground. Unprepared for it, his head smacked painfully against a small rock, leaving a gash just above his right eye. His arms were roughly and painfully pulled behind his back and his wrists tied tightly together.

"HEY!" He yelled. "LET G-NNGGFHH!" A rag was forced into his mouth and another tied around his head.

Gobber lunged at the nearest Outcast in anger, punching him in the face and knocking him over. He spun around prepared to fight the rest, only to find himself tackled to the ground and pinned by four of them. He struggled desperately to break free and could only watch as another rag was tied around Hiccups eyes and he was picked up and thrown over one of the pirates shoulder.

"Let 'im go!" Gobber yelled and struggled harder.

"Relax," Alvin drawled as he kneeled in front of the trapped blacksmith. "Now, ye listen carefully 'cause yer gonna give Stoick a message for me. Ye tell 'im, that if he wants 'is boy back," he jerked his thumb towards Hiccup, "then he is ta meet me on dragon Island in _four _days at sunset an' he is ta come _alone!_ If he doesn't get there in time or he doesn't come alone, I can't guarantee what'll happen te scrawny Hiccup here. Got that?" Not waiting for an answer, he promptly raised his sword and hit Gobber on the head with the large metal handle. Hard.

The last thing Gobber saw before losing consciousness, was a struggling Hiccup, bound, blindfolded and gagged being carried off by Berks most feared enemy into the engulfing darkness of the forest.

****Okay peoples; let me know what ya think. Reviews are greatly appreciated, please and thank-you. Constructive criticism is welcomed.****

****Should I continue the story? ****

****WHOOHOO! Wow! ****

****Thank you to everyone who read my story and thank you so much for the great reviews.****

****I was delighted with how quickly people responded to this story and I have resolved to try and update at least once a week. ****

****In all honesty, I didn't expect people to like it and so, I posted the first chapter with only a vague idea of what direction the plot would take. Probably not a great plan, but meh! As a result I'm kinda just making most of it up as I go along, so if you happen to spot any major plot holes please let me know.****

****I'm always looking to improve my writing skills, so please leave reviews.****

****I own absolutely nothing to do with 'How To Train Your Dragon', or 'Dragons: Riders of Berk.'****

They had been walking for a while now, and Hiccup could do absolutely nothing but kick helplessly as he was carried, unwillingly further and further away from his home, the armour on the outcasts shoulder digging into his stomach.

He kept trying to call out through the gag in his mouth, hoping that somehow, someone from the village would be able to hear and figure out that something was amiss. Every time he was met with the mocking laughs and jeers from the pirates around him.

He shook his head, trying to shake the blindfold off but his efforts proved fruitless and he only succeeded to frustrate himself more and make the gash above his eye throb with pain.

"It's useless boy." He heard Alvin chuckle from the front of the group. "Ye may as well give up."

If Hiccup hadn't been blindfolded, bound, gagged and slung over a large pirate's shoulder, he would've glared, maybe said something sarcastic and witty but as it were, he could do neither.

He hoped that Gobber was okay—he had heard the whack after Alvin had finished his little threat and could only assume by Gobbers silence afterwards that he had been knocked out. The smithy was as tough as they came and Hiccup knew that Gobber could handle anything, but that didn't stop Hiccup from worrying. He was family.

'_Speaking of family', _Hiccup thought, his thoughts drifting to what Alvin had told Gobber, '_what does Alvin want with my Dad?_' He wondered worriedly.

He didn't have much time to ponder this before the sound of the ocean waves reached his ears. They were on the completely opposite side of the island, Hiccup realised.

"Mpphh!" the auburn-haired boy grunted as he felt the ground begin to slope downward, the air getting chillier. He was jostled as the pirate carrying him manoeuvred roughly on the uneven ground.

"Everyone, get on te the ship! We leave immediately!" Alvin's voice boomed from somewhere behind him.

At this, Hiccups struggling increased. '_Leave?!'_ He thought, panic taking over. At least if they were on the island he had a chance of somehow breaking free or of someone finding them. But out there, on the ocean, trapped on some boat he wouldn't stand a chance of escaping.

He tried to twist his wrists, pulled his arms this way and that, hoping that the rope securing them together behind his back would loosen or he could slip free. And with each tug and pull, he became more desperate and panicked as the rope bit into and cut his skin.

There was no give to them.

Hiccup heard the hallow thumps as they began climbing onto the wooden ship. As soon as they were aboard, he heard the outcasts begin to quickly move around the deck, readying the ship to set sail.

"Put Stoick's boy in the brig!" He heard Alvin order from across the vessel. Immediately, his captor strode across the deck. A door creaked open and he stepped inside what Hiccup assumed was the interior of the ship, down a small flight of stairs. Another door opened and for the second time that night, Hiccup found himself dropped unceremoniously to the wooden floor, landing painfully on his left side with a thud.

Pain flared in Hiccups ribs at the harsh contact and he moaned in pain.

For a moment, he lay there, breathing heavily. He knew that the brute that had grabbed and assaulted him was still there. He could feel him watching him. From above he could hear the other pirates scurrying about on deck. He could hear Alvin barking out orders as the ship started on its course away from Berk and to somewhere unknown to Hiccup.

His arms were grabbed suddenly and the rope untied. Hiccup kicked and thrashed his legs as he was dragged backwards across the floor by his wrists.

His arms were pulled behind a column and his wrists retied. More rope circled tightly around his stomach, his arms, his chest and the column. He tried to pull away as the rope put pressure on his already aching ribs but found that he couldn't move more than an inch.

The pirate chuckled darkly, his heavy footsteps moving in the direction of the door. The door closed and Hiccup heard a click as it was locked.

Alone, ribs throbbing, gash stinging, trapped and completely helpless, Hiccup couldn't help but wonder anxiously just what it was that Alvin had planned.

'_Dad, Toothless', _he prayed_. 'someone, Please find me.'

**~HTTYD~~Revenge~_~HTTYD~_~Revenge~_~HTTYD~_~Reven

ge~**_

Stoick awoke to a loud thumping and whining sound. "Toothless", he muttered with a sigh and rolled over on his massive bed. He peaked one bleary eye open and stole a glance out the window, to see the still darkened sky. Tinges of dark purple and pink appearing where the sky met the ocean, the first sign of the sunrise.

'_It's still early.'_ He thought. He sighed and closed his eye, relaxing again with the pleasant thought of sleeping for another two or three hours before he would have to get up and start his cheifing duties of the day.

He felt himself beginning to drift off when the thumping and whining started up again. '_Probably wants Hiccup to take 'im flyin' again.'_ He thought.

"Toothless! Quiet!" He called tired and irritated only to be met with more thumps. "Hiccup! Calm yer dragon. I need ter sleep!"

When the thumping and whining continued Stoick quickly began to lose his patience.

Throwing off his blanket, he pulled himself from his bed and threw open his bedroom door. "Toothless!"

The big black dragon's head swivelled around to Stoick. He had expected to see the beast with his expression of fake innocence at having woken the Viking up, to stare at him as though he hadn't been doing anything wrong.

Instead, Toothless' eyes were narrowed to slits and as he looked at Stoick, he could swear that the dragon seemed worried or tense. '_Maybe he's not feelin' well.'_

"Son," he called up the stairs. "I think there might be sometin wrong with yer beastâ€¦" Toothless turned back to scratching at the door. "Oi! Don't _do _that, ye mangyâ€¦". Muttering under his breath the large Viking quickly strode forward and opened the door. He was almost bowled over as Toothless practically threw himself outside, put his snout to the ground, and sniffed loudly for a moment before dashing off in the direction of the village, disappearing out of sight.

Stoick stood in the doorway with one eyebrow raised, completely bewildered at the strange behaviour. Then, with a shrug, he closed the large door.

"Errâ€¦never mind, Hiccup. I think 'e just really had ter pee or somethin'. "He called and moved to go back to his bed.

It was then he realized that he hadn't heard a peep from his scrawny, auburn haired teenage son. Considering how distressed Toothless had sounded a few moments ago, Stoick found it surprising that Hiccup hadn't immediately come barrelling down the stairs to see what was the matter with his best friend.

He turned towards the stairs, wondering what had kept his son from his dragon. Reaching Hiccups bedroom door, he knocked. "Hey, Hiccup." He started opening the door. "Did ya hear me bef-" Hiccups bed was

empty and made. Brow furrowed in confusion, Stoick stepped into the room and put a hand on the blankets.

They were cold.

'_Huh! That's odd.' _The red bearded Viking thought to himself. _'Hiccup didn't sleep in his bed last night?'_ He thought back to Toothless' strange behaviour and suddenly found a knot of worry creep into his chest.

Any thoughts of going back to sleep now forgotten, Stoick headed back down the stairs and out the front door. The sky was now a mixture of orange and red as the sun began to rise from the ocean and Stoick found a phrase automatically play through his head.

'_Red sky in the morning, Shepard's warning.' _The phrase, Stoick remembered, referred to the fact that if there was a red sky in the morning, than that meant it would rain later on. Stoick remembered hearing it all the time as a child. Of course it rained and snowed a lot on Berk and the term faded into obscurity for him.

The chief thought it a little strange that he would suddenly think of it now.

Shaking his head and pushing the thought to the back of his mind, he made his way into the Great Hall. At first he thought it to be empty until he spotted Reetha Kirdsen fixing up tables and placing food on a large table at the back, getting the hall ready for the daily routines of breakfast for the village.

At the sound of the door opening she looked up. "Mornin' Stoick!" She greeted. "Yer up early." She chuckled, continuing with her task. "Wantin' te get an early start on yer duties are ya?" She asked cheerfully.

"Err yes." He answered distractedly. "Good mornin'. Have ye by any chance seen Hiccup about?" Stoick asked curiously. Reetha shook her head, her brunette curls bouncing about. "Sorry, can't say that I have. Maybe he went flying with Toothless." She suggested. "I'm always seein' them flyin' about."

Stoick shook his massive head. "Nah, I know he's not with the dragon." He sighed.

"Oh." Reetha continued to set the tables. "Have ya checked the smithy shop? Maybe he's thought up some new invention." She suggested absent mindedly. She picked up a large basket of fish for the dragons and set it in an even larger bowl by the door.

'_The Smithy! Why didn't I think o' that!?' _

"Ye know, I think ye might be right! Thanks Reetha." Stoick waved and moved out the door, following the path to the forge. '_He's probably thought up some kind a insane contraption again.' _

Remembering the last time Hiccup had stayed up late to invent the wild idea of a machine he had thought up, he had ended up staying up all night to finish it and had _just_ manage to complete it before falling asleep on his drawing desk, using all of the machines blueprints and sketches as a makeshift pillow, The dragon curled up

behind him.

The image brought a fond smile to Stoick's face.

Turning the corner to the forge, he was starting to think that this time was not the same as the last. The Smithy's still seemed to be locked up from last night. Stoick looked up at the sky again. The sun was almost completely up now. There were still tinges of red, pink and orange but they were slowly starting to fade.

'_Odd,'_ Stoick thought suddenly. _'Gobbers usually openin' up shop by now.'_

Movement out of the corner of his left eye grabbed his attention. There, he spotted Toothless coming out of the trees; Gobber suddenly stumbled out from behind the scaly beast and leaned against the dragons' side.

Stoick started jogging over to his oldest friend. "Gobber!" He called in concern. "Stoick!" The smithy called back and now that the chief was close enough he could see a very large, darkly bruised lump on his friends' forehead.

"Stoick, I tried to stop 'em, but there were too many!" He said anxiously to the chief. "What? Gobber what happened te yer head?" Stoick gestured with worry to the lump.

"Never mind that! They grabbed Hiccup! They grabbed 'im an' took 'im!" He gestured wildly and desperately to the forest behind him.

Stoick froze for a moment. The knot of fear in his chest was back full force. "Who?" He whispered, anger starting to build up towards whoever had dared lay a hand on his Hiccup. Gobber didn't answer straight away.

"Gobber, who took my son?!" He asked through gritted teeth, his blue eyes fierce, and his balled fists shaking in rage. Gobber looked into Stoick's eyes.

"Alvin."

Okay, same drill as last time. Please review and remember, I accept constructive criticism. As you probably guessed I'm not good at making up names, don't believe me? Just ask Reetha Kirdsen. LOL.

Thanks again to everyone who read and reviewed the story last time. Seeing the feedback of my work really made my day.

I'll try to have this updated again by Sunday. If not by then it will definitely be updated by next week.

3. Chapter 3

**Okay, I am very sorry. This is a LOT later then I said it would be. College has been keeping me busy and I have not had a lot of free time to continue thinking about where I might go with the plot though I now have it mostly figured out, it's mainly just the smaller

details I'm working out, so chapters will take longer than I expected. **

Stoick kicked the large wooden door so hard that it broke off its hinges, sending splinters everywhere as it flew across the room and hit the far wall with a sound that could only be described as an explosion.

"MILDEW!" The large red haired chief of Berk roared in anger, striding into the large hut, furiously searching about for the older, grumpy Viking, Toothless right behind him, sniffing fervently.

With a sigh, Gobber slowly hobbled in a few seconds later. "I already told ye. It happened early last nigh'. Mildews not stupid enough ter stick around long enough fer _you _of all people ter catch 'im Stoick." Stoick had been checking behind the broken door in the hopes that the traitor had been crushed behind it. He held two pieces of the door, Gobber realised. It had spit in two when it had hit the wall. The Chief turned to his best friend.

"I know but I have ter do _something. _When I get my hands on that traitor I'm going ter do so much worse than just banish 'im Gobber!" A clatter filled the room as Stoick threw the remnants of the door to the floor and stomped angrily back outside.

He stood and looked out over the cliff, staring at the dark clouds gathering slowly in the distance.

Gobber stood outside the now door-less frame, staring at Stoick's back. For a few moments the only sounds were the waves crashing against the shores beneath the cliff and those of Toothless, still sniffing about in the hut, growling quietly every once in a while.

"Stoick!" Both turned towards the voice to see Spitelout running up the hill towards them. "Most of the village has gone into the forest in groups to look for Alvin and Hiccup!" He exclaimed breathlessly as he came to stand in front of the chief. "And the other teens are on their dragons searching from the air." He added. Stoick faintly remembered Astrid barking orders to the rest of Hiccups friends when he had begun his mad dash to Mildews hut in rage.

"Don't ye worry! If they're still on the island, we'll find 'em." He finished with a determined nod.

The word 'If' echoed through his mind. Stoick sincerely doubted that Alvin and his band of Outcasts would have stuck around for long after they had already gotten what they had come for. '_And they had a good few hours head start.' _He thought grimly.

Despite this, the chief was grateful for his villages' quick reaction to the situation.

It had only been a little over a half an hour ago that Stoick had found Gobber stumbling out of the forest with his son's dragon. After the smithy had quickly informed him of the treacherous events of the night before, well, let's just say that the whole population of Berk had been woken by their Chief screaming profanities and death threats in the middle of the village coupled with the furious growling of an angry Night Fury. With the absence of the only person that could calm

BOTH of them down very obvious.

It hadn't taken everyone long to figure out what had happened.

Sighing, Stoick nodded gratefully to his second in command, and began heading back in the direction of the village. Gobber and Spitelout followed behind him.

"Stoick!" Gobber half hopped-half ran to catch up so that he was walking beside his oldest friend. "What're ya gonna do?" he asked. The Viking Chief didn't need to look to know that the blacksmith was eyeing him carefully, as if trying to read his mind.

Stoick, still staring straight ahead with a dark glare and without breaking stride, replied, "I am going to get my son back. Then I'm going to kill Alvin."

****HTTYD~~Revenge~~HTTYD~~Revenge~~HTTYD~~Revenge~~HTTYD~~Revenge~~HTTYD~~Revenge****

Astrid searched quickly, her eyes narrowed and her mouth set in a thin line as she concentrated on finding something, anything in the dense trees. She was afraid to blink. Afraid that if she did, she would miss something important, even though this was now the fourth time she was searching that particular area.

"Hellooooo?" Astrid had to refrain from rolling her eyes and sighing in annoyance as she heard Snotlout a little ways away from her. "Hey Cuz, I am here to rescue you!" He called towards the trees boastfully. "Just yell out where you are and I will kick Alvin's AND all of the Outcasts butts... With my face!" He flexed his arm muscles.

She had to ignore the urge to smack herself on the forehead_.' Did he seriously not notice where he said he would put his face..?!' _She wondered exasperatedly as she continued searching the area. With every second she scanned the forest, her hope diminished more and more. She hadn't heard anything from Fishlegs and the twins who were searching towards the other side of the Island. Meaning that they hadn't found anything either. _'Are they even still on Berk?_' She thought as despair began to slowly replace the little hope she had been clinging to when she had ordered everyone onto their dragons, split up and to find Hiccup.

Astrid didn't like to admit it, didn't_ want_ to admit it but she was scared. Actually no, scared was putting it mildly.

She was terrified.

Physically, she was tougher than Hiccup and even she had been helpless in the few seconds that Alvin had her.

Hiccup was more than just a friend to her and she couldn't imagine what it would be like if he was never coming back. And Alvin was ruthless, merciless. And Hiccup, he could barely lift an axeâ€¦

'_Okay, stop thinking like that!_' she chided herself mentally, '_He

might not be the strongest but he is one of the bravest people I know AND he's the smartest! He'll find a way to outsmart Alvin!'

She tried to reassure herself. 'He did it once, he can do it again!' _ She felt her hope renew itself with this piece of information.

It only lasted a few seconds when she realised that he had already had the plan to defeat Alvin _before_ he had been captured the first time. 'The only reason he got captured before was because he let himself be taken so that his plan would work! And he'd had Toothless.'

Astrid shook her head to clear her thoughts, her blonde fringe swaying over her left eye. She was worried enough already and this strange internal war she seemed to be waging with herself wasn't helping any.

She turned Stormfly around to face Snotlout and Hookfang, who were a good twenty or so feet away from her and facing the other direction. She was about to suggest that they find the others to see if they had found anything when he called out again.

"Hiccup!?" His voice echoed across the trees and he turned to listen.

She could see his face now. It was scrunched up, his eyes squinting as he listened for a few seconds as the quiet settled once more.

'_Maybe he's finally taking this seriously.' _Astrid thought. She knew Snotlout cared about his cousin, even if he didn't show it.

Suddenly, his expression changed, as though he had been struck by some kind of genius idea. He turned back, cupping his hands around his mouth and shouted.

"MAAARRRCCCCOOOOO!"

Then cupped his hand around his ear, bouncing excitedly as he waited for the response.

This time, Astrid really did smack herself on the forehead.

HTTYD~~Revenge~~HTTYD~~Revenge~~HTTYD~~Revenge~~HTTYD~~Revenge~~HTTYD~~Revenge

Hiccup wasn't sure how much time had passed. He was hungry and thirsty. He still sat where he had been tied to the column, unable to see. Unable to make a sound. All he could do was listen to the footsteps of the pirates on deck above him and the waves of the ocean he was no doubt surrounded by. He pulled at the rope around his wrists for what had to be the thousand time. Grunting as he strained his arms against the other ropes, trying to arch his back against the column to try and loosen the ropes that tightly bound his torso and arms. He winced as his ribs ached again, still very sore from when he'd hit the floor.

'_If I could get it to loosen JUST a bit, maybe I could shift about a little and use the corner of the column to break the ropes around my

wrists.' _He thought.

He had no idea what he would do after that. He was trapped on a boat with the enemy, surrounded by nothing but water. He didn't even know which direction Alvin had taken him in. Even if he had a boat or a dragon to ride, he wouldn't know which way to get home. _'I suppose anywhere is better than here.' _He thought as he continued to struggle. The frustration of the past few hours coming back as no matter how much pressure he put against the rope, it did absolutely nothing.

He found his thoughts wander back to what Alvin had told Gobber. Four days. _'He said that Dad had four days to get to Dragon Island. It only takes less than ONE day to get there!' _This had been worrying Hiccup since he had first heard the threat. _'Maybe he just wants Dad to stew for a bit. Or is there more to it?' _He didn't have much time to think about it before the sound of footsteps reached his ears. He heard the lock on the door click and the slight creak as it was swung open.

The footsteps entered the room. Very slowly. The door swung closed again and the footsteps got closer and closer until they stopped right beside him. Fear coursed through him as he felt the figure crouch beside him.

A large, rough hand quickly and painfully grabbed his hair and pulled his head back till it was touching the pillar. His face tilted slightly, facing up. He breathed heavily through his nose.

"Mmnnphhh!" He grunted as he felt the cold steel of a blade lightly touch his neck. A cruel, dark chuckle sounded beside him and he immediately knew it was Alvin.

"Hehehe, Hello Dragon Conqueror."

**Okay, again, I am sorry for how long this took. I'm going to try to make the next chapters longer. **

R & R People.

4. Chapter 4

Here's chapter 4. ** I'm sorry this took so long to update. I got caught up in exams and I was then thrown straight back in to college classes and assignment work. You can thank whatever scrooge put our Christmas exams at the start of JANUARY! But anyhow, I'm actually in the middle of semester 2 exams at the moment but this chappie had been sitting half-finished on my laptop for months and I'd been dying to get it done and posted. **

**I'll be finished exams at the end of the week and after that I should have more time to write more. **

On to the story. Feel free to leave a review.

Alvin's rotten breath in itself was like a punch to the face and Hiccup tried not to jerk away lest the blade at his throat do some accidental damage. Not that he could move very far with the painful

grip Alvin had on his hair.

"Ye know," Alvin drawled and though Hiccup couldn't see his face, he could hear the smugness in his voice, "Fer a genius, ya really weren't that hard to capture." The knife was moved away from his throat and his hair let go. For the first time in what Hiccup could only assume was hours, the thick rag wrapped around his mouth was untied, allowing him to spit out the gag in his mouth.

"And yet" Hiccup coughed out, "you couldn't do it without the help of a frail old man." His voice, raspy from having not spoken in a good few hours, couldn't help but say the first thing to come to mind and Hiccup winced slightly. His famous sarcasm slipped out before he could think through what he was saying.

Alvin was less than impressed.

Hiccup wasn't surprised to hear Alvin growl but then the back of the outcasts hand smacked him painfully across the face. Hiccup jumped from the slap, taken completely by surprise thanks to the blindfold still in place. Wincing as his cheek burned and throbbed in rhythm with his pulse and he was sure that it would bruise soon, adding to his rapidly growing collection of injuries.

"Ye'll not forget yer place boy." Alvin threatened. "I'm in charge 'ere. If ye haven' noticedâ€¦Yer in no position ter talk back." He emphasised with a kick to Hiccups good leg.

Hiccup jerked slightly at the touch. He heard Alvin's loud, heavy steps move to the other side of the room as he started rummaging through something. Assuming the man had his back to him, Hiccup shook his head again despite the dull throb of the cut above his eye, trying in some way to dislodge the blindfold. He definitely didn't like that he couldn't see his captors face. It was a lot harder to tell if his sarcasm would be pushing the lines and something was telling him that he did _not_ _want_ to know what would happen if he did so by accident.

Alvin laughed a booming laugh from across the room. "Ha! Ye can ferget about it." He said as he thundered over to stand in front of his struggling captive.

"_That_ is gonna stay on." He finished, amusement in his voice.

Hiccup stopped struggling with it, attempting to seem nonchalant, "Why?" He asked "I already know what you look like and it's not like I know where we are anyway." He pointed out the obvious, shrugging as much as the ropes would allow.

"Because," Alvin knelt down beside him again and the hairs on the back of Hiccups neck stood up from both the Outcasts horrid breath and the malicious tint his voice had taken on.

Suddenly, he jumped, gasping in fright and horror as a quick and sharp pain seemed to slice through his left shoulder leaving a shallow cut in his skin. It took Hiccup a few seconds to realise that the searing pain wasn't deep or fatal. He could still feel his heart beating loudly in his chest and it was a few more seconds before his quickened breath began to calm to shaky breathing.

Alvin chuckled darkly beside him and Hiccup, still trembling from the sudden fright, felt dread begin to build in his stomach.

"It's so much more fun when you don't know what's coming next."

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TYD~~Revenge****

The Great Hall buzzed and chattered with noise. Stoick could hear it from outside as he made his way up the steps and towards the open door. He stared around the crowded room, trying to pull his thoughts together. It seemed every Viking in Berk had gathered and crammed themselves into the dining hall that doubled as a meeting room. Toothless warbled reassuringly beside him and the chief looked down briefly, he'd almost forgotten that the night fury was there. He laid a large, calming hand on the dragons head. The fact that the beast was beside him was a constant reminder that Hiccup was not. That Hiccup was alone, alone with the outcasts, with Alvin and no form of defenceâ€¦

Stoick quickly shook his head of the horrible thoughts and turned his attention back to his people in the Hall.

Stoick watched them all for a moment as he tried to take his mind off of what might be happening to his son. And try to figure out how he was going to explain the situation to his tribe. Trying to push down the anxiousness he could feel growing for his boy so that he could face his Tribe with confidence.

From where he stood he could hear bits and pieces of different conversations going on around the room.

"Wait, so Hiccup ran away?.. That can't be right." One voice asked incredulously from a large group. Stoick recognised him as the village baker. "No, ya dit, someone took 'im!" a second Viking smacked the food seller across the back of his head, knocking his helmet askew.

"It was Dagur, right? Tha's what I heard someone sayâ€|" A third pitched confusedly from across the fire.

"No, it was Mildew! Apparently he made off with the kid last nigh'".
Mulch threw his worth in.

"Mildew? Butâ€¦What? Well how did Gobber get that bump on his 'ead?"
Reetha questioned.

"Yeah, The old goat's not that strong." A voice echoed from the back of the crowd. A murmur of agreement followed the statement.

"All I know is that Hiccup was taken and Mildew had something to do with it. That's what I 'eard the chief cursing about outside earlier anyway." Mulch finished.

"I heard him mention Alvin's name." Bucket stated loudly from the middle of the Hall. This particular sentence had half the people gasping in shock and fright. Everyone began murmuring frantically to

each other, some looking worried and others angry.

Stoick took a deep breath. Now was a good a time as any. He had to set the story straight.

He moved to step into the Hall when he heard hurried footsteps coming from behind him. He turned to see Astrid, Fishlegs, Snotlout and the twins running up the steps looking tired and forlorn. Astrid and Fishlegs looking worried, the twins seemed confused and Snotlout looked annoyed.

As soon as they reached the chief they stopped hunched over with their hands on their knees as they tried to catch their breath.

"Theyâ€¦They're not on the...the island." Astrid huffed out, standing up straight to look at the chief, using a hand to sweep her hair out of her eyes.

"We looked everywhere!" Fishlegs affirmed, still trying to catch his breath. Stoick nodded. "I had a feeling they wouldn't be."

Snotlout looked up suddenly at this, "Wait, you knew they weren't here?!" He turned to face Astrid, "If he knew they weren't here, than why did you make us search the island, like," He stopped for a second, counting on his fingers, " a _trazillion times?!" _He gestured dramatically, waving his arms towards the trees.

Astrid huffed in annoyance, her hands on her hips. "Okay, first off, trazillion is not a real number, secondly, we had to make absolutely sure they weren't here and thirdly, it's not as if you had anything better to do." The blond Viking glared.

"That's not true" Snotlout protested. "I could have been doingâ€¦uh," The dark haired boy sputtered for a few seconds as he quickly tried to think of an excuse. Stoick shook his head agitatedly and was about to interrupt when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to see Gobber now beside him, his other hand holding a block of ice to the bump on his head. The smithy smiled slightly and gestured with his head to the Hall and its' occupants behind them.

"Ya ready, Stoick?"

The Chief nodded his head determinedly. Turning back around to face the giant door, he took a large, deep breath and strode straight into the Great Hall. The noise slowly died down as Stoick made his presence known, until there was complete silence around the entire room. Everyone stopped whatever they were doing to watch the Chief make his way to the top of the Hall. Stoick stood for a few seconds, looking around at all the faces staring up at him expectantly.

"WE," his voice boomed sharply across the room. The people stayed deathly silent, listening with rapt attention to their leader. ", have been BETRAYED!" Gasps of shock and yells of indignant anger filled the air. "Mildew," Stoick continued, " One of our own, has turned against us. He has aided Alvin the Treacherous, Berks' greatest enemy, _our _greatest enemy, in taking. My. Son." Stoick yelled furiously through clenched teeth, finding himself getting angrier as the explanation went on.

"Alvin has made a threat. If I do not meet 'im alone on Dragon Island in four days, then 'e has threatened to" The large red-headed Viking sighed, his voice catching, realizing he couldn't bring himself to actually say it. "Threatened toâ€|"

"It's okay Chief." Came a voice from the crowd and Stoick looked up to see Bucket. "We know wha' ya mean." The Chief smiled slightly as everyone nodded, grateful that he didn't have to finish that particular sentence. Nobody noticed the teens quietly sneaking out the doors.

"Where's Mildew?" A voice from the back of the crowd peaked up. And people began murmuring again. "Yeah. I think 'e should be taught a lesson." Another agreed and everyone began drawing their weapons in preparation.

"Unfortuna'ley," Gobber stepped forward beside Stoick, still holding the block of ice to his head. "He escaped las' night. Ran like the coward that 'e is." The Smithy spat in disdain.

"Trust me. He will be caught and 'e will be punished." Stoick tried to calm everyone again. "But right now my main concern is getting' Hiccup back and making Alvin pay." The entire room seemed to stand at attention. Looks of anger and determination plastered to the faces of every person as they looked up to their Chief. Mulch stepped forward.

"So then. What's the plan?"

Thanks for reading. Please leave a review. ** I appreciate constructive criticism and I am open to small suggestions.**

End
file.